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CHINA

A TRIP TO CHINA

In the Series "Trips Abroad" by
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TRAVELING CHAIR IN CHINA

CHAPTER I

The Celestial Kingdom

"Declare His Glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people."

DO YOU little folks remember when we were passing China on our way from India to Korea that I promised to take you there on a trip some day? Well, I haven't forgotten that promise, so "All Aboard" for the Celestial Kingdom, as it is sometimes called.

China lies in the "belt of power" where only really great nations have lived, and she is a great nation, and daily growing greater. There are many large and wonderful things in that country. First, there is the Great Wall, which was built more than two thousand years ago to keep out all enemies. In some places it is thirty feet high, and for fifteen hundred miles it is carried up into high mountains and way down into the valleys. It is made of brick and stone with earth as cement. Even the cities are walled in.

NANKING ROAD, SHANGHAI

Then, there are the mighty rivers of China. The Yangtse, which is called "China's Girdle," because it flows through so much of China, is one. Ocean steamers can go for a great distance along its banks. The city of Shanghai, where our vessel arrived, is at its mouth, and much of the merchandise we exchanged with them was carried up that river to northern China. Another river is the Hoang Ho, called "China's Sorrow," because it has destroyed so many lives, houses and crops by overflowing its banks when the yellow clay it carries fills up the channel. In other places, canals unite with the rivers and act as roads between many of the cities. All the rivers swarm with the curious houseboats, and hundreds of people know no other home. Yet this mode of traveling is much

A CHINESE HOUSE BOAT

easier than by land, for the roads are so badly made.

These rivers flow down from the snow covered mountain tops and form some of the world's most beautiful scenery. Strange how charming the Heavenly Father has made so many heathen countries, and yet in all the beauty of mountain, river and flower, they have not seen His loving care for them or been able to thank Him for the gift. Truly our missionaries have a wonderful privilege in introducing our precious Saviour to His lost children!

CARRIED UPON THE SHOULDERS OF MEN

CHAPTER II

What Happened in the Flowery Land

"And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

I WONDER if you can tell me just why I am so anxious for you to visit China this year? Yes, because China became a republic on the twelfth day of February, 1912. You and I are living in a great era of Chinese history. For thousands of

years China's great wall shut her in to only her own government, her own books, her own religion and her own customs.

WANG SUEN SING

The China-Japanese War was the first thing to awaken her to that fact. Korea invited China to come over and help her put down a rebellion, and the result was a war between the two greatest nations of the East. China was defeated, and she found out that it was because she had been shut in so long to herself, while Japan had been learning more modern methods of warfare from her Western neighbors.

Next came the story of some boxes. On her sixtieth birthday, the Empress Dowager of China received a beautiful present from all the Christian women of China. When it was opened the first thing she saw was an ordinary pine box. That contained a beautifully carved teakwood box, and that in turn contained a red plush box (the color standing for happiness). A silver box within that held the gift itself. How curious the Empress Dowager must have been to see what all those boxes covered! What do you think it held? A New Testament, printed on the best of foreign paper, bound in silver and embossed bamboo pattern. How many prayers for the Father's blessing on the gift were tucked away inside do you think?

Some day you will read the story of the Empress Dowager's life. She was a great woman and well worth knowing. She made two great decisions that helped China wonderfully. The opium traffic, which was such a dreadful curse to China (much like liquor is here), received its death blow from her. During her reign she sent men over to America to study our constitution so that she might make one for her people.

Her majesty's nephew enjoyed the birthday present, too. In the palace, without any playmates, the little fellow had a lonely time. He didn't like the Chinese toys, so they gave him some foreign mechanical toys like yours. He owned Swiss watches,

cuckoo clocks, a curly maple desk, a music box and an electric fan. He heard about the railroads and had a tiny one built around the palace lake. On the lake he sailed a tiny steam launch. Telegraphs and telephones in China were first installed in the palace. All the modern inventions came in time, and most wonderful of all was the Dowager's birthday gift. How he studied it and the other books our missionaries sent him! Newspapers and magazines came, too, and what articles they had, showing the contempt in which ancient China was held. Startled China was awake at last!

A Board of Education, created by the Emperor, started universities and colleges. The old system of learning, which had been the greatest any heathen country had ever had, would not do any longer. What was to take its place? Our American schools? But they haven't enough money or good teachers of their own, and they are inviting us to help. Can't we send them some? Jesus said, "Feed my sheep." Some of them are Chinese sheep. Would't it be fine if we could feed them with the message the loving Shepherd left for them?

Kuang Hsü's little railroad at the palace paved the way for thousands of miles of railroad that are opening up China wonderfully. China is also awakening to the knowledge of the vast amount of hard and soft coal, iron, copper, gold, silver and precious stones that she holds. Do you remember the evil spirits in Korea who locked away the minerals? They also live in China, but the railroads are driving them away.

CHINESE BOYS

The boy emperor, in his zeal for new things, offended the Dowager, who promptly took the throne away from him. Germany, Italy

and Russia all took this opportunity to make inroads on China. This resulted in the Boxer Rebellion, for it taught China to hate the foreigner. That's what comes of strong nations imposing on the weak. Many, many people lost their lives, among them some of our missionaries. All because some nations were greedy. I'm glad the United States hasn't any such poor notions of honor.

At last, from the midst of turmoil, China evolved a republican form of government. What that government shall become depends on the friendship of the Christian nations! China has awakened to modern civilization. Shall her millions be Christian or heathen? It rests in part with our little people here at home. How often shall we pray for them? How much can we give them? How many of us some day will go to them with the good news that will make them truly free?

THE MING TOMBS

CHAPTER III

Chinese Ministers and What They Teach

"For all the gods of the nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens."

"IF CHINA has a government a little like ours, a few schools like ours, railroads, mines, telephones and other inventions like ours, what knowledge have we yet to give her?" you ask. Our religion—the greatest gift of all is not yet hers, and without that all else is vain. "Well, what religions has she?" I hear you ask.

First, there is Confucianism, which really teaches a great many good things that Christianity does, except that there is no God in it. There are rules for good manners while eating. It

teaches honesty, justice and righteousness, but no service done because of love. Confucius said, "Chinese people, you must worship your ancestors. Whether they were good men or not you must say your prayers to wooden tablets which are supposed to hold their spirits. You must give them gifts of food, light incense before them and treat them well." The Heavenly Father says, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Do you see the difference? God wants us to respect and obey our parents because they know more than we do, love us best and have sacrificed so much for us. But even they sometimes make mistakes, and He has to forgive them, too. He wants us to worship Him alone and love Him best. What Confucius taught lasted for a long while, but it didn't satisfy.

Then there is Buddhism. You remember the horrid temples

THE MING TOMBS

we found in India? Buddhist temples are just as bad. They are dark, unclean and filled with horrid images. Do you know why we hear every year of famine and great poverty in China? Wherever Buddhism is found, the people are poor. Can you tell me why?

China has still another religion,—Taoism. Taoism is supposed to teach how to appease the evil spirits who cause the flood, famine and disease. But after all these years of prayers and worship, the gods have not yet been appeased, and the people are tiring of their faiths and seeking new ones. Which would satisfy her most, do you think? Now is our opportunity to show her Christ. Missionaries have been working in China now for a hundred years. What brave heroes they have been amid all the discouragements and suffering! Many of them gave their lives for China, dying dreadful deaths that she might become Christian. Their deaths made many new converts, for there must be some-

thing in a faith for which men will die The converts were generous, too. In 1903, we are told, they gave about two dollars and a half each toward mission work. How many girls and boys in America give five cents a week for the same? We ought to do at least as much as the Chinese, don't you think? Just what can we children do? We can pay the salary of one of the kindergarten teachers. If you could see the dear little children who come to Sunday School you would want to send them pictures and stories. Or you could help the Bible women who do so much for Chinese ladies. There are hundreds of ways to help if you really want to help, and I know you do.

CHAPTER IV

"Hundred and Ten" and "Likes to Cry"

"Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thy inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

LITTLE HUNDRED AND TEN is lying in his bamboo cradle with a red cord tied round his wrist and a string of old coins hung round his neck. His head is shaved, but covered with a tiny cap with an image pictured on its top. On his feet are little tiger shoes and in one tiny hand he grasps tightly the bright mandarin button that is to make him great some day. Through the open doorway he can see the bright poppies nodding in his father's opium fields, and on the table opposite him are the ancestral tablets with their morning meal of rice and millet His mother, a pretty lady in tiny shoes and light silk dress bends lovingly over his cradle. A woman, his nurse and the family servant, sits busily spin-

CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN CHINA

ning in the corner. Her children live here, too, and several other women. Families in China are often very large.

But here comes Hundred and Ten's father for his dinner. See his long queue and his robe of grey silk. He has been to the kitchen for a bowl of rice and sweet potatoes. Watch him use his chopsticks—not like our knife and fork, but both in one hand close to his mouth.

MISSIONARY AND LANGUAGE TEACHER

When Hundred and Ten is older he will go to school, for the Chinese love learning and honor great scholars. Then if he goes to the old-fashioned Chinese school what memorizing he will have to do, what repeating aloud of characters, what studying for examinations! In the government schools he will wear a uniform like a soldier. His father and mother are planning great things for him. Besides giving him an education they will take him to the temples and teach him how to worship the gods. They will train him in all the many polite courtesies for which the Chinese are famous. How to shake hands with himself when he greets a friend, and what polite inquiries to make in conversation. He will learn how to pick off the young tender leaves from the tea plant and how to make opium from the poppy.

Likes to Cry is Hundred and Ten's big sister. What a name, you say! Yes, but all Chinese have odd names. I think this baby received her's because she cried so much when her little feet were bound so tightly. Many little babies cried a great deal before our missionaries came to tell them that such small feet are not pretty and that the Heavenly Father never meant them to suffer so. Likes to Cry looks like a bundle of clothes covered with a jacket, and a cloth cap covering head, ears and neck. She wears trousers, too, and pretty embroidered shoes. Some Chinese say that the custom of binding the feet came because one lady long ago wouldn't stay at home and went gossiping

GIRL DELIVERING RICE

instead. So her husband made her bind her feet. Others say an empress started it to hide her deformed foot. They also have their ears bored to remind them not to listen to idle tales, we are told.

All Chinese girls learn to embroider and to cook, and the poorer classes to carry loads slung from poles. Many of the better class can read and write, some of China's women having written books of famous poems. Our girls' schools are helping the women of China very much, making them good doctors and nurses, good housekeepers, etc.

Girls marry young in China. Little Likes to Cry's mother dressed her hair in a neat coil behind her head and stuck pretty pins and flowers in it. Her father gave her beautifully embroidered clothing and much jewelry and placed her in a pretty sedan chair to go to the wedding. She did hate to leave Hundred and Ten, with whom she had had so many games of "Kicking the Shuttlecock," "Knockleg Bones," "Tiger Trap" and "Catching Fishes in the Dark." It wasn't very pleasant to be stared at by strange people who talked about whether she was pretty or not. But she soon proved that she knew how to keep house and that was more important. Likes to Cry didn't have her house all to herself and husband. She had to live with his father and mother and do as they said. Some people are not easy to live with and it is hard not to be the real mistress of your own home.

But I am glad to say both Hundred and Ten and Likes to Cry have learned to know Jesus and now have happy Christian homes like yours and mine.

CHAPTER V

What a Missionary Does

"Thrust in the sickle and reap for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

WOULD you like to know just what a missionary in China has to do? Some little people I know think that missionaries look very different from other folks. But they dress just like father does, and if father is a Christian, they have the same happy look he has. They are just ordinary men who have listened to the Master's voice saying, "Go preach my gospel," and are obeying it in the sweetest way they know how. Missionaries have to be very healthy as well as good, for it would never do for them to be ill in a strange country, any more than it would be to lose their tempers while they are teaching, "Love one another."

His first duty is to rent a house, and what curious crowds gather around him while he is getting settled! Sometimes the crowd is not very friendly and he has to be very patient.

Housekeeping is not easy under such conditions, especially when the furniture and food are so strange. The language, too, is very hard to learn, and the missionary gets very lonely, away from the homefolks, with no one to talk to and not even able at first to tell his message to the people he has come to help.

Fortunately he usually carries a supply of tracts that he can distribute, and many a Chinaman has come to know Jesus through reading those. The missionary has to study all the characters that little Chinese boys have to learn in school, and trying work he finds it. Not only must he learn to read, but write as well, so as to be able to translate.

CHINESE BOYS' BAND

All missionaries do not have the same work any more than all Christians here do. One preaches in the street chapel in a busy corner of the market place, to any who out of curiosity or real interest may come to listen. Or he travels from village to village giving his message. Another is the medicine man to whom they bring their sick. Oh, what a large practice the doctor has each day! No limit to the number of patients there.

"Are the people eager to hear?" you ask. "Yes" and "No." You would not think so if you were to see the noisy mob which sometimes comes to break up a meeting or chase "the foreign devils" away. Yet in all of their hearts deep down is the longing for something that will satisfy, and the Gospel has a wonderfully compelling power.

The work of the street chapel broadens until a permanent church is needed. Then the largeness of the missionary's field demands other workers and they must be trained to preach. The demand for a church is great. Does he have one built? Oh, no, there isn't money enough for that. He must hire an old heathen temple or someone's parlor. Did you say that was a nice place in which to preach? Remember pigs, farming implements, old vegetables and piles of sweepings often occupy the parlors in China. But our missionaries are used to such small annoyances and are glad for even that much space.

The pastors in China often have their people come to visit them. It is not at all unusual to have callers before one is dressed or out of the bath. One would be considered very rude to even suggest that they are in the way, even if they stayed all day and interfered with every other plan. The reasons which brings them are varied. Sometimes it is to gain redress for

LAKESIDE "VARSITY" CREW, CHINA

some injury committed against them. Perhaps it is a lawsuit or spiritual difficulty. Everything comes to the missionary to be settled, and his days are very busy ones.

The medical missionary is busy, too. He holds a short service before his morning dispensary hours, and again with the aftenoon patients. The hospital patients have their gospel songs and talks, too, in the evening. For every medical missionary remembers that his business is to heal the soul, as well as the body. How many crushed and bruised souls have come to know their Saviour while on beds of pain! The physicians have to train their assistants as well as the evangelists, for no one pair of hands can do all there is to be done, and be in all places at once. We think our lives are full,—what of theirs? Yet, they have the joy of knowing they are filling the place the Master wills for them, and that some day in the bright beyond, they will meet around the white throne many who would not have been there but for them.

CHAPTER VI

China's First Christian Friend

"He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

LIKE many others of the world's heroes, Robert Morrison as a boy had few opportunities for going to school. He had to snatch the time from his work in the evenings or sit with a book propped up before his bench by day. However, he had the advantage of living in a historic neighborhood in England, where he heard continually stories of great men who had died there for their country or their faith. He knew personally George Stevenson, who invented the modern railroad. His father and mother were earnest Christians, and he came to acknowledge his Saviour when fifteen years old. What a sweet new life of service that meant for him in the home, shop and neighborhood. How sacred were the hours he found time to spend in prayer and Bible study! To his oft repeated question, "Where can I serve Thee best, Lord?" at last came the answer: "Prepare thyself, for My Gospel must be preached to all nations, and I need thee as a witness for Me."

Immediately he began to study Latin and entered the Semin-

ary to fit himself for the ministry two days after he was twenty one. Here he decided to become a missionary, and the sacrifice cost him much. He gave up going to the University, broke off his engagement and said farewell to all opportunities of advancement at home. At once he commenced special preparation for the work, then took a course in medicine and Chinese.

To learn Chinese in England was not easy, but he had a native and two manuscripts for teachers. He mastered the most difficult language in all the world, and at the same time learned some lessons in patience that stood him in good stead later on. When 26 years of age he bade farewell to England and sailed for New York. He had to go to China by way of America, for the same East India Company that treated William Carey so badly also refused to carry Morrison. I am a little glad that they did, because it gives us a little claim on him here. It was our Secretary of State who gave him his first letter of introduction. He was called the American Missionary for quite a while, his English friends having disowned him.

Morrison had many difficulties to overcome upon entering his new country. The Catholics objected strenuously to any Protestant coming into China to preach, and all through his stay they did all they could to overthrow his plans. The Chinese, he had come to teach, did not want to have anything to do with him. They would not let him preach openly or even have a Chinese teacher. He had few friends whom he could trust, but the One Great Friend who had never failed, sufficed. He leaned on Him and took courage.

The cost of living for foreigners was so high that Morrison tried to economize, and since he dared not show himself in the streets he couldn't exercise. This lack of nourishing food and exercise brought on a serious illness, from which he was slow to recover.

Nothing daunted, Morrison set out upon the work which proved his greatest gift to the Church. Since he dared not preach, he started to prepare a dictionary and to translate the Bible. Difficulties again arose. Paper, ink and pen were secured at great expense, and helpers were at last found. Disagreements with the Chinese government threatened to make flight necessary for all Englishmen, but the many friends Morrison had made for himself protected him.

Brighter days soon dawned for our missionary. His friends were powerful enough to keep the Catholics from injuring him. On the day that he married Miss Morton, an offer came from the

East India Company to become its translator at a fine salary. This was a splendid thing for Morrison, because it set him free from financial worry, made him entirely self-supporting, protected him from all persecution, and gave him the time and means for printing his dictionary.

For seven years he labored on his Chinese Bible and other translations. It was far different work from what he had planned and a great disappointment to him that he could hold no services openly. He had to hold his meetings behind locked doors for fear of his congregation being arrested. After seven long years he was rewarded with one convert, and he never became one of the shining lights of the church. Only two or three other converts were his in all his stay in China. Yet every other convert since belongs in part to him, for he made possible by his translations the work of all missionaries since.

His life was full enough as it was. He began a correspondence with missionaries everywhere, finding out their problems, solving difficulties for them, advising and encouraging them. He wrote articles for magazines, opened a dispensary, started a library, held meetings for sailors, established a college, and voiced a protest against gambling and the slave trade. Royalty granted him an audience on his return from China after sixteen years of service. After a short furlough he returned to China honored by hundreds who appreciated his sterling worth.

A few years later, after years filled with petty annoyances, hard work in plenty and many real sorrows, yet filled throughout with an almost divine patience and indefatigable energy, China's pioneer missionary met his reward in the True Celestial Kingdom with his Lord.